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No. 279

THE ZONE POLICE

A Play in One Act

BY

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

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THE ZONE POLICE.

The scene is laid at the Las Palmas Police Station on the Isthmus of Panama.

SCENE:—*The interior of a police station; bare, and official looking. It belongs to the Canal Zone Police on the Isthmus of Panama. It is supposed to stand in an open space within fifty yards of a railroad station on the railroad between Colon and Panama. In the play the station is referred to as "Las Palmas."*

The walls are of plaster or planed boards. In the back wall is a door opening on the level of the ground. Directly to the right of this door is a small stand or table holding a water cooler with a practical spigot and a white enameled cup. On the floor below the spigot, to catch the overflow of water, is a gray stone jar.

In the right wall half way down stage is a door of iron bars with a large practical lock. This door is supposed to lead to a corridor of cells. Below this door is a table with a flat top, set broadside to the audience. On it are a student lamp with a green shade, writing materials, long books bound in calfskin. Behind it facing audience, a plain wooden chair. Down stage far to the left on a line with this table is a larger table, end on to the audience; with a swivel chair to the left of it, facing right. On the center of this table is another student lamp with green shade, writing materials and on the lower end a hand telephone.

THE ZONE POLICE.

The walls are hung with maps of the Canal, of Central America and South America, and with printed bills, describing Criminals wanted by the police. These latter show photographs of the men wanted; the "Reward" is conspicuous. (These bills may be obtained at any police headquarters of detective agency).

The backdrop shows tropical surroundings, the Culebra Cut, palm trees. The light outside is faint moonlight; inside the light comes from the two student lamps. No light comes through the door on the right.

If a set is especially built for this scene, on each side of the center door there should be a window, without glass and protected by iron bars. The doors to the center entrance are supposed to open out, and do not show.

THE ZONE POLICE.

CHARACTERS AND THEIR COSTUMES.

MAJOR AINTREE:—*Is a distinguished looking man between thirty-five and forty. He wears the white duck "tropic" uniform and insignia of a Major of Infantry in the regular army. He carries no side arms.*

LIEUT. STANDISH:—*Is a smart young man of twenty-three. He wears the uniform of the C. Z police. It consists of a khaki tunic with shoulder straps, flap breast pockets, flap hip pockets. No belt. Riding breeches, tan leather gaiters, tan shoes, and a khaki-colored Stetson sombrero with a stiff flat brim.*

SERGEANT MEEHAN:—*Is an Irish-American of fifty years, with gray hair and of soldiery bearing.*

BULLARD:—*Is a young man of the same age as STANDISH.*

BULLARD and MEEHAN both wear uniforms similar to the one worn by STANDISH. Like him they do not wear belts. This is emphasized, because the sombrero with flat brim and the absence of the belt is what makes the difference between the uniform of the Zone police and that of a U. S. Regular.

MEEHAN wears Sargeant stripes on his left sleeve. He is without a hat. BULLARD carries a night stick with a leather thong, and above his left breast pocket wears a silver shield. On the front of his sombrero is a silver insignia which shows his number surrounded by a wreath.

LIEUT. STANDISH does not wear any insignia on his sombrero. His shield is of gold. On either side of the opening of the standing collar of his tunic is a single bar. There is also a single bar on the shoulder straps.



THE ZONE POLICE.

DISCOVERED:—MEEHAN is standing up stage at right of water cooler with his right profile towards audience. Around his forearm swings a ring on which are keys. On his left hand he holds the iron cup. Water is running into the cup.

BULLARD wearing his sombrero and with his night stick under his arm, stands at the chair to the left of the big table at left. In his hands he holds a slip of paper which he is studying.

BUL. Can I sign my name here, Sargeant?
(moves as though to sit down)

MEEHAN. No, that's the Lieutenant's desk. Use mine. (points to table R.)

BUL. I only want to write my name.

MEEHAN. (consenting) Oh! (MEEHAN with cup of water in left hand starts to door right. BULLARD still standing lays his night stick at the left end of table, then places the slip of paper he is holding on the desk, takes up pen, signs the paper, leaves it lie on desk. At his left elbow, the desk telephone rings. BULLARD looks at it, then at MEEHAN) Answer that for me, will you? (BULLARD lifts 'phone in right hand with his left removes receiver) If I don't get this, (shows cup of water) to your prisoner, he's liable to tear our cells down.

(*turns key in door R.*) What d'ye *do* to him to make him so *thirsty*?

BUL. Chased^d him two miles through Culebra. That's all! (*to 'phone*) Hello? (*to MEEHAN*) He's no thirstier than *I* am. He give me all the fight *I* want.

MEEHAN. That's *right*! Those Spanish wops when they get going—— (*exit R.*)

BUL. (*to 'phone*) Hello! Yes, this is Las Palmas Police Station. I'm speaking for Sargeant Meehan. No, the Lieutenant is not here. Yes, wait. (*lowers 'phone to table but keeps receiver in his left hand. Seats himself, draws writing pad towards him, takes up pencil. As he speaks he makes notes*) Go ahead. "Major Aintree—Commanding thirty-third Infantry." (*listens, nods, writes*) I understand. He got on the train at Panama an' he's leaving it at *this* Station. I got you. (*MEEHAN enters, locks door leaving key in lock, throws remaining drops of water to the floor, places keys and cup on table, right. Looks inquiringly at BULLARD*) Wait a minute, (*writes*) "Intoxicated and disorderly." What d'ye want *us* to do? Report to the Lieutenant, right! Good-night. (*hangs up receiver and rises*) That was Brewer at Cambola Station. The train guard reports Major Aintree is on the Owl train and he's getting off *here*. He's drunk and raising Cain.

MEEHAN. (*regretfully*) *Again, hey?*

BUL. (*indifferently*) *Seems so.* You're to report to Lieut. Standish. (*pause*) The Lieut. wouldn't have the nerve to arrest an *army officer*, would he? Just for having a few drinks in him?

MEEHAN. (*takes cup to cooler*) *This* Lieutenant would. He's asked us to report every time we see Aintree *drunk*.

BUL. (*surprised*) What for?

MEEHAN. For evidence. He wants to brea^l Aintree; wants to force him out of the Army.

BUL. (*incredulous*) Aintree? Why Aintree's one of the best men in the Service, ain't he? Isn't he the one you read about in the papers?

MEEHAN. Yes.

BUL. The one they call the Hero of *some* place in the Philippines.

MEEHAN. Patangas. He got the medal of Honor for that. He'd ought to got it in Cuba too. I saw him. He has a record in three wars that man.

BUL. Then why's Standish against him?

MEEHAN. Isn't against *him*; against his habits. Thinks he's a bad influence in the Army.

BUL. Ha! What's Standish got to do with the Army. He's a *Policeman*!

MEEHAN. He wasn't *always* a policeman. (*impressively*) That boy was three years at West Point.

BUL. He was! Now, what d'ye know about that?

MEEHAN. His father was General Standish; all his folks have been Army officers—straight back to Bunker Hill.

BUL. Then what's *he* doing in the *police*?

MEEHAN. He wasn't smart enough to pass the *third* year at West Point; so he's marking time down here studying for the *next* Examination. He'll pass *that*, all right. He'll make a smart officer.

BUL. But Aintree *is* a smart officer. Why should the Lieutenant pound *him*?

MEEHAN. Because he's proud of the Army.

BUL. (*disgustedly*) Oh!

MEEHAN. *You* can't understand. *I* can. *I* served three enlistments in the regular Army; and I—

BUL. And *you* say that Aintree had a fine record in three wars.

MEEHAN. That's it! That's why Standish

thinks he shouldn't make a beast of himself *now*, and set a bad example. Aren't his men the worst on the Zone.

BUL. They sure ARE! They wouldn't last long in the *police*.

MEEHAN. You see! You're proud of the Police, and Standish—he's proud of the Army. And he don't think there's room in it for *drunkards*.

BUL. Well, I don't see that it's any of Standish's damn business.

MEEHAN. (*in a whisper*) You needn't tell *him* that! (*aloud*) Attention! (BULLARD and MEEHAN stand at attention. STANDISH enters c. He goes direct to water cooler, and pours water into cup. BULLARD and MEEHAN salute)

STANDISH. I didn't see you at the railroad station, Bullard. Why aren't you on post?

BUL. I brought in a prisoner, Lieutenant, I had to chase him——

STANDISH. That will do. I'll hear about it later. Get back to the station now; the train's due.

BUL. Yes, Lieutenant. (*goes to lower end of table left and picks up his night stick and starts up*)

MEEHAN. Lieutenant!

STANDISH. Yes?

MEEHAN. The train guard reports Major Aintree is on this train——

STANDISH. (*to BULLARD*) Wait! (*to MEEHAN*) Has he been—is he——

MEEHAN. Yes, Lieutenant.

STANDISH. (*to BULLARD*) If Major Aintree should not go directly to his quarters—if he creates any disturbance—report to me.

BUL. (*glancing at 'phone*) Shall I telephone, sir?

STANDISH. Report in person.

BUL. Yes, Lieutenant.

(*Exit c. l.* STANDISH takes a revolver from his hip

pocket, lays it on upper end of table left. Takes from pocket of his tunic a notebook and pencil. Seats himself at table left, and writes in notebook.)

STANDISH. (*holding up notebook*) This says he's been drunk every night this week. And before that for two months.

MEEHAN. He can't keep *that* up! It's murder.

STANDISH. It's worse, it's suicide. You're an old soldier, Meehan, and you know Major Aintree has everything a soldier *should* have, and ALL the honors——

MEEHAN. That's right, Lieutenant

STANDISH. And he *won* his honors. He was no White House pet. He got *his* promotion on the firing line. And I'll bet when I was at West Point every boy there took Aintree for his model. I know I did. He was my Hero, I was *grateful* to him for bringing such credit to the Army. (*laughs mockingly*) Why, in those days I'd have followed Aintree to Hell and back again.

MEEHAN. And remember, Lieutenant, he led his men there, *many* a time.

STANDISH. (*sharply*) Where's he leading them *now*? To every dive and rum hole in Panama! Am I right?

MEEHAN. (*reluctantly*) Yes, but maybe if the Lieutenant *talked* to him?

STANDISH. I? I never met him. Before I came here he was the *one* man I *wanted* to meet. But not after I found he was disgracing my father's old regiment, and setting an example to the men that keeps them in the hospitals, and the *cells*. *Aintree* knows you can't dissipate on the Isthmus. You've *got* to live clean. If you don't, you *die*! And it's because we Americans *have* lived clean that where the others are buried on Monkey Hill, our people have kept alive—and *built that Canal!*

(*points off center. The whistle of a railroad locomotive is heard at a distance of fifty yards. STANDISH looks at MEEHAN*)

MEEHAN. That's the train. She's leaving the station.

STANDISH. Then, Aintree's here now; staggering up the hill, hey? Maybe lying in the road—in uniform! He won't be in uniform *long*. Not if *I* can help it.

MEEHAN. It seems a *pity*, sir. If someone only tried to make him *swear off*.

STANDISH. They have tried; the Canal people, his brother officers, the girl he was engaged to. She *begged* him to swear off.

MEEHAN. And *she* couldn't do it?

STANDISH. No! He gave the same answer to all of them. Said "Swearing off" was a confession of weakness; said *he* could stop when he *wanted* to. But if he took the pledge he's be admitting whiskey is stronger than he is. And, so it is, and—(*slowly, impressively*) *It's going to drive him out of the Army!*

MEEHAN. One man like him in the Army is worth a thousand rookies!

STANDISH. *Sober*, he is; *drunk*—he's *not*. Aintree is a traitor to the Army. He's a traitor just because he's weak, just because he can't say "No," to a bottle. (*from off stage left, supposedly at a distance of fifty yards comes two reports of a pistol. STANDISH rises and goes to right of center door and looks off towards the left*)

MEEHAN. That's from up the hill, Lieutenant, from the *Barracks*.

STANDISH. No, I think it came from the railroad station. Does Bullard carry an automatic?

MEEHAN. No, sir, a *revolver*.

STANDISH. I thought so. Go down and see what the trouble is! No, I'll go. (*starts off left*)

MEEHAN. You forgot your gun, Lieutenant.

(crosses quickly to table left and picks up STANDISH's revolver)

STANDISH. Oh! That's all right! (Telephone bell halts STANDISH. He points at 'phone) See what that is. (MEEHAN, standing, picks up telephone and receiver)

MEEHAN. (listening) It's Walsh, the station agent.

STANDISH. (impatiently) Well?

MEEHAN. (listening) Says those shots were fired by Major Aintree.

STANDISH. Aintree? Why?

MEEHAN. (to 'phone) Hold the wire. (to STANDISH) When Aintree got off the train he stumbled into a nigger. He swore at the nigger and said the man tripped him on purpose. The nigger called Aintree a *liar*—Aintree fired—

STANDISH. Did he hit the man?

MEEHAN. (to 'phone) Hello! Did he hit the nigger. (to STANDISH) Says he doesn't know. The nigger jumped for the darkest place he could find.

STANDISH. Where was Bullard?

MEEHAN. (to 'phone) Hello! Was our man Bullard on post? (to STANDISH) Says Bullard knocked the gun out of Aintree's hand with his night stick; and took the gun.

STANDISH. Good!

MEEHAN. He's on his way up here to report. (to 'phone) He is, hey? (to STANDISH) Says Aintree's coming here *too*, to report Bullard.

STANDISH. For what?

MEEHAN. Assault; swears he'll *break* him. (hangs up receiver and crosses to table R.)

STANDISH. Break him? For preventing a murder? I think *not*!

(Crosses to table left; picks up notebook and writes in it, then sits. BULLARD enters hurriedly,

comes down c. He is panting as though he had been running.)

BUL. (*saluting*) Lieutenant! Major Aintree fired those shots; he cursed out a nigger, and——

STANDISH. I know. The Station agent telephoned. Where is the nigger?

BULLARD. Outside—hiding.

STANDISH. Bring him in.

BUL. He's afraid; afraid Aintree will see him.

STANDISH. Is he hurt?

BUL. No, sir.

(*For an instant STANDISH considers, then speaks eagerly.*)

STANDISH. Does *Aintree* know that?

BUL. No, thinks he hit him. (*resentfully*) He was *boasting* about it.

STANDISH. Good! (*strikes table with his open hand*) I've got him! Keep that nigger out of sight, and keep out of sight yourself, until I give you the signal to come in.

BUL. Yes, sir.

STANDISH. Aintree's on his way here to report you for assault.

BUL. (*aggrieved*) I didn't assault him! I——

STANDISH. I *know* that. Stand outside where you can watch me; when you see me light this cigar, (*picks up cigar from table*) run in and say "I've found that nigger, he's dead!"

BUL. I just *spoke* to him! He ain't even *scratched*.

STANDISH. Do as I tell you!

BUL. Yes, sir.

STANDISH. When I lift this cigar, and light it, you run in there (*pointing center*) and say, "I've found the nigger. He's dead." (*he waves BULLARD away*) Quick, now, or Aintree may see you.

(BULLARD runs to c. Is about to go left, but, as though seeing someone approaching from that direction, turns and runs right. STANDISH looks at MEEHAN who shakes his head) What's wrong, Sargeant?

MEEHAN. I don't like it, sir. You don't need to do it. You've got enough evidence in that notebook to lose him his commission.

STANDISH. I'm going to make sure he loses it!

MEEHAN. I'm only thinking of you, sir. I don't like to see you frame up any man.

STANDISH. (hotly) I'm not framing him up. He's framed himself up. All I'm going to do, is to nail him to the wall!

MEEHAN. (with gesture for silence) He's coming, sir.

(AINTREE enters from left center, he walks unsteadily. He is intoxicated, and furiously angry.)

AINTREE. You in charge here? (STANDISH nods) I been 'saulted; 'saulted by one of your damp policemen. He struck me, struck me when I was protecting myself. He and a nigger. The nigger tripped me, and then when I tryt to protect myself this thug of yours beats me up; clubs me, Y'understan', clubs me! I want that man broke! I demand you strip that man's shield off him. Now—'understan'—now, for 'saulting n'officer of the United States Army. And, if you don't, I'll beat him up—and you, too. (strikes a belligerant attitude, STANDISH regards him unmoved. His silence irritates AINTREE. He glances from STANDISH to MEEHAN, their calmness aggravates him) Don't think I'm afraid of you. An' if I want 'em, I got five hundred men in the barracks. An' if I say the word they'll rough house this place and throw it into the Cut—and you with it!

STANDISH. (*quietly*) Suppose they *did*—that wouldn't save *you*.

AINTREE. From what? Think I'm afraid of your night sticks? From *what*?

STANDISH. (*quietly*) From arrest.

AINTREE. Arrest *me*? Do you know whose talking to you? Do you know *who* I am? I'm Major Aintree,—damn you, commanding the infantry, an' I'm here to make *charges*—

STANDISH. (*sternly*) You are *not*! (*he rises*) You are here because you are under arrest for intoxication, for threatening the police, and for assault with intent to kill. And, if that man should *die*—

AINTREE. (*furiously*) How dare you!

STANDISH. Silence!

AINTREE. "Silence" to *me*—you impertinent pup! (*shakes his fist at STANDISH*) I'm Major Aintree. I'm your superior officer. I'm an officer and a gentleman—

STANDISH. (*slowly, contemptuously*) You are not! You are a drunken loafer.

AINTREE. (*incredulous*) Wa'sh, Was'sh 'at?

STANDISH. You are a drunken loafer, and *you* know it. And to-morrow everyone on the Zone and everyone in the States will know it.

AINTREE. Hold on! What—

STANDISH. You've killed a man; or tried to—and I'm going to *break* you. (*indignantly*) Break my policeman for doing his duty, for preventing a murder, strip *that* man of his shield? It's *you* I'm going to strip, Aintree,—you hero of Batangas—I'm going to strip you naked. "I'm going to cut the buttons off your coat and tear the stripes away!" I'm going to *degrade* you and *disgrace* you and drive you out of the army! (*AINTREE'S manner is more subdued, but he is still insolent*)

AINTREE. Why, you—(*turns to MEEHAN*)

Here! Tell this fellow who I *am*! (STANDISH lifts notebook from table)

STANDISH. *This* tells me who you are. For three months you've been drunk and there's the record. It's all there with the time, place, witnesses. I'll *swear* to it. I've been after you to *get* you and, I've *got* you. With that record, with what you've done to-night you'll leave the Army. You may resign, you may be court marshalled, you may be *hung*; I don't give a damn what they do to you—but, you will leave the Army! (to MEEHAN) Put him in a cell, if he resists— (MEEHAN advances. AINTREE waves him back)

AINTREE. Here! Hold on! I don't understand. What good's it going to do you to lock me up, and humiliate me; what harm have I done *you*? (with return of anger) Who asked you to run the Army, anyway? Who *are* you?

STANDISH. My name is Standish. My father was Colonel of the Thirty-ninth when you first joined it.

AINTREE. (*bewildered*) Stannish! Ol' General Stannish—your father is a general in the Army?

STANDISH. (*coldly*) And his father before him. ~~All my people~~ *All my people* have been in the Army; that's why I respect it, *that's* why I'm going to throw you ~~out~~ of it.

AINTREE. But, Stannish, my boy—I'm *fr'en'* of your father's, why throw *me*, out?

STANDISH. Because you've done harm fifty men as good as you can't undo. You've made drunkards of a whole battalion. You've taught boys who looked up to you to make swine of themselves. You've set them the example, now I'm going to make an example of *you*!

AINTREE. But, why? What *grudge* you got 'gainst me—'gainst ole *fr'en'* of your father's?

STANDISH. I've *no* grudge against you. I'm not *vindictive*. I'm *sorry*?

AINTREE. (*laughs contemptuously*) Sorry? Ha!
 STANDISH. Yes, sorry, but, (*pointing at him*)
 I'm going to drive you out of the Army.

(AINTREE recognizes that the tone of STANDISH is final. By an effort of the will he pulls himself together. The seriousness of the situation sobers him. When he speaks his voice is low and calm.)

AINTREE. (*to MEEHAN*) Got any water?
 (MEEHAN brings cup of water from cooler.
 AINTREE drinks, pours water into his left hand,
 wipes his forehead. Returns cup) Thank you.
 (MEEHAN returns to table R. and stands beside it)
 See here, Standish, I'll not beg of you or any man,
 but I ask you to go slow. Think what you're doing.
 If you force this thing through—it means my finish.
 (STANDISH nods) It means courtmarshall. I lose
 my commission—I lose things you don't know any-
 thing about, and don't forget *this*; if I've got a
 record for drinking, I've got a record for other
 things, too. Don't forget *that*.

STANDISH. (*coldly*) I didn't forget it.

AINTREE. All right, then, I did. Suppose I
have gone on the loose—just to pass the time—
 just because I'm sick of this damn ditch, is that
 going to wipe out all that went before? I'm the
 youngest Major in the Army, I've been in three
 campaigns, I'm a medal of honor man, I've got a
career ahead of me and—I'm going to be married.
 If you'll give me a chance——

STANDISH. (*eagerly*) I will give you a chance.
 If you'll give your word to this man and to me,
 that, so help you God, you'll never drink again—
 you can walk out of that door a free man.

AINTREE. (*savagely*) You can't scare *me* into
 taking an *oath!* I'll see you in Hell first!

STANDISH. Is that your answer?

AINTREE. Yes!

STANDISH. Put the prisoner in a cell, Sargeant.

(*As though the interview was at an end, STANDISH picks up and lights cigar, AINTREE still defiant starts door R. BULLARD runs on center and comes down to table L.*)

BULLARD. (*excitedly*) Lieutenant, I've found that nigger; shot through the lungs. He's *dead!*

AINTREE. My God!

(*BULLARD turns pretending for the first time to observe the presence of AINTREE. He points at him, speaking in a whisper.*)

BULLARD. *That's* the man that shot him, Lieutenant. It's *murder!*

AINTREE. *Murder!* (*BULLARD runs to center door and stands with back to it as though to prevent AINTREE from escaping. AINTREE buries his face in his hands. There is a pause. The three men look at AINTREE. He pulls himself up and motions MEEHAN towards the door to the cells*) Open the door. (*MEEHAN moves to door and turns key in lock. AINTREE starts towards it and then comes back to STANDISH. His voice now is gentle, dull as with pain*) Standish, a minute ago, you offered me a chance, and I refused it. I was rough about it. I'm sorry. You made me hot, because I thought you were forcing my hand, blackmailing me into doing something I ought to do as a free agent. *Now, I am* a free agent. You couldn't give me a chance *now*, you couldn't set me free *now*, not if I swore on a *thousand* Bibles. I don't know what they'll give me; prison for life, or hanging, or just dismissal, but, *you've* got what you wanted—I'm leaving the Army! So, now, that I've *nothing to gain by it*, I want to swear to you, and to this man

here, that, whether I hang or go to jail or am turned loose I will never, so help me God, take another drink! (*he holds out his right hand to MEEHAN; his left to STANDISH. STANDISH seizes it in both of his*)

STANDISH. (*happily*) Aintree! Suppose I could work a miracle; suppose I've played a trick on you; just to show you your danger, to show you what *might* happen to you any day—will you still keep that Oath?

AINTREE. I've given my word—yes! For God's sake don't torture me! Is the man alive?

STANDISH. (*to BULLARD*) Tell that nigger he can go home now. I don't need him any more.

(*BULLARD salutes and exits.*)

AINTREE. (*breaking down*) Thank God! Thank God! (*fainting, he collapses against STANDISH*)

STANDISH. (*to MEEHAN*) Catch him, Sargeant! (*In their arms the two men support AINTREE.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

Dramatization in 3 acts, by Anne Crawford Flexner from the novel by Alice Hegan Rice. 15 males, 11 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes modern and rustic. Plays a full evening.

A capital dramatization of the ever-beloved Mrs. Wiggs and her friends, people who have entered the hearts and minds of a nation. Mrs. Schultz and Lovey Mary, the pessimistic Miss Hazy and the others need no new introduction. Here is characterization, humor, pathos, and what is best and most appealing in modern American life. The amateur acting rights are reserved for the present in all cities and towns where there are stock companies. Royalty will be quoted on application for those cities and towns where it may be presented by amateurs.

Price, 75 Cents.

THE FOUR-FLUSHER

Comedy in 3 acts. By Cæsar Dunn. 8 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2¼ hours.

A comedy of hustling American youth, "The Four-Flusher" is one of those clean and bright plays which reveal the most appealing characteristics of our native types. Here is an amusing story of a young shoe clerk who through cleverness, personality, and plenty of wholesome faith in himself, becomes a millionaire. The play is best described as "breezy." It is full of human touches, and develops a most interesting story. It may be whole-heartedly recommended to high schools. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

PALS FIRST

Comedy in a prologue and 3 acts. By Lee Wilson Dodd. 8 males, 3 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

Based on the successful novel of the same name by F. P. Elliott, "Pals First" is a decidedly picturesque mystery play. Danny and the Dominie, a pair of tramps, enter a mansion and persuade the servants and friends that they belong there. They are not altogether wrong, though it requires the intervention of a judge, two detectives, a villain and an attractive girl to untangle the complications. A most ingenious play, well adapted to performance by high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

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KICK IN

Play in 4 acts. By Willard Mack. 7 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays 2½ hours.

"Kick In" is the latest of the very few available mystery plays. Like "Within the Law," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "In the Next Room," it is one of those thrillers which are accurately described as "not having a dull moment in it from beginning to end." It is a play with all the ingredients of popularity, not at all difficult to set or to act; the plot carries it along, and the situations are built with that skill and knowledge of the theatre for which Willard Mack is known. An ideal mystery melodrama, for high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

TILLY OF BLOOMSBURY

("Happy-Go-Lucky.") A comedy in 3 acts. By Ian Hay. 9 males, 7 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern dress. Plays a full evening.

Into an aristocratic family comes Tilly, lovable and youthful, with ideas and manners which greatly upset the circle. Tilly is so frankly honest that she makes no secret of her tremendous affection for the young son of the family; this brings her into many difficulties. But her troubles have a joyous end in charmingly blended scenes of sentiment and humor. This comedy presents an opportunity for fine acting, handsome stage settings, and beautiful costuming. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

BILLY

Farce-comedy in 3 acts. By George Cameron. 10 males, 5 females. (A few minor male parts can be doubled, making the cast 7 males, 5 females.) 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The action of the play takes place on the S. S. "Florida," bound for Havana. The story has to do with the disappearance of a set of false teeth, which creates endless complications among passengers and crew, and furnishes two and a quarter hours of the heartiest laughter. One of the funniest comedies produced in the last dozen years on the American stage is "Billy" (sometimes called "Billy's Tombstones"), in which the late Sidney Drew achieved a hit in New York and later toured the country several times. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing but the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—these are the incidents in William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing but the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies of which this country can boast. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SEVENTEEN

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 8 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Baby, child, boy, youth and grown-up are definite phenomena. The world knows them and has learned to put up with them. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease. In its turbulent bosom the leavings of a boy are at war with the beginnings of a man.

In his heart, William Sylvanus Baxter knows all the tortures and delights of love; he is capable of any of the heroisms of his heroic sex. But he is still sent on the most humiliating errands by his mother, and depends upon his father for the last nickel of spending money.

Silly Bill fell in love with Lolo, the Baby-Talk Lady, a vapid if amiable little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and incidentally of her) he stole his father's evening clothes. When his wooings became a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother stole the clothes back, and had them altered to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home in the evening.

But when it came to the Baby-Talk Lady's good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. How William Sylvanus again got the dress suit, and how as he was wearing it at the party the negro servant, Genesis, disclosed the fact that the proud garment was in reality his father's, are some of the elements in this charming comedy of youth.

"Seventeen" is a story of youth, love and summer time. It is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Produced by Stuart Walker at the Booth Theatre, New York, it enjoyed a run of four years in New York and on the road. Strongly recommended for High School production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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